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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Suck

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WHAT SHOW HAVE YOU GOT, LITTLE MAN?



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

CONSIDERABLE has been said of late on the subject of conservatism. We are in need, it seems, of conservative men, of conservative administrations and of conservative laws, conservatively administered. Ever since the troublous times of last fall, this need has been emphasized—the crying need of conservatism in government. Now, conservatism is an excellent quality; a good thing to have around. As a virtue, it is almost as elemental as honesty; and nobody in his senses would question the wisdom of employing it in public policies. Puck believes in that kind of conservatism; but in another kind, a kind which has had a large number of vociferous advocates lately, it does not believe. The brigand of finance who finds himself unpleasantly close to involuntary servitude speaks feelingly and long about the need of conservatism; by conservatism meaning a let-up in the process which, if adhered to, will land him and his sort in jail. Interpreted by such authority, conservatism also means unobstructed opportunity; opportunity to continue indefinitely private graft at the expense of public rights. There is "conservatism" in the secret rebate. There is "conservatism" in the theft of our forests. There is "conservatism" in the long term franchise. There is "conservatism" in all forms of special privilege, from the monopoly tariff down. The last straws that broke the financial camel's back, Heinze, Morse, Thomas, and the rest, were "conservatives" and would come out strong at the present time, undoubtedly, for conservatism both in government and in business. Liberty is not the only thing in the name of which crimes are committed. "Conservatism" has an enviable record of its own.

WHAT DOES Inspector McCafferty mean by referring to Robert Hunter and his colleagues as "bum philanthropists"? Does he use "bum" in the sense of "hobo" or as a synonym for "phony"? Our vernacular is so subtle that it is easy to fall into ambiguity.

THE ESTEEMED *World* keeps asking Mr. Bryan how many states he could carry in 1908 that he failed to carry in etc., etc. And Mr. Bryan, through *The Commoner*, keeps asking the esteemed *World*, how much railroad stock Mr. Pulitzer owns etc., etc. Each paper is strong on questions and weak on answers. Neither makes a specialty of obliging. Why such studied reluctance on the part of *The Commoner*? And why such persistent reticence on the part of the *World*?

AN ENGLISH scientist announces that the North Pole is shifting. Isn't that provoking! When Peary *does* get there the Pole will be somewhere else.

THE EXCUSE for the new pay-as-you-enter-please-have-ready-the-exact-fare-cars in New York was found in the company's statement that it lost two million dollars every year from "knocked-down" fares. The figures of course are estimated, but even subtracting a considerable sum the conductor's graft seems somewhat excessive. If there is really that much in conducting, the men on the platform would have difficulty keeping their jobs, so eager would be the financiers higher up to tap so rich a field.

WITHOUT knowing the law it seemed to me a violation of the Constitution to prevent a peaceable assembly and deny the right of free speech.—Robert Hunter.

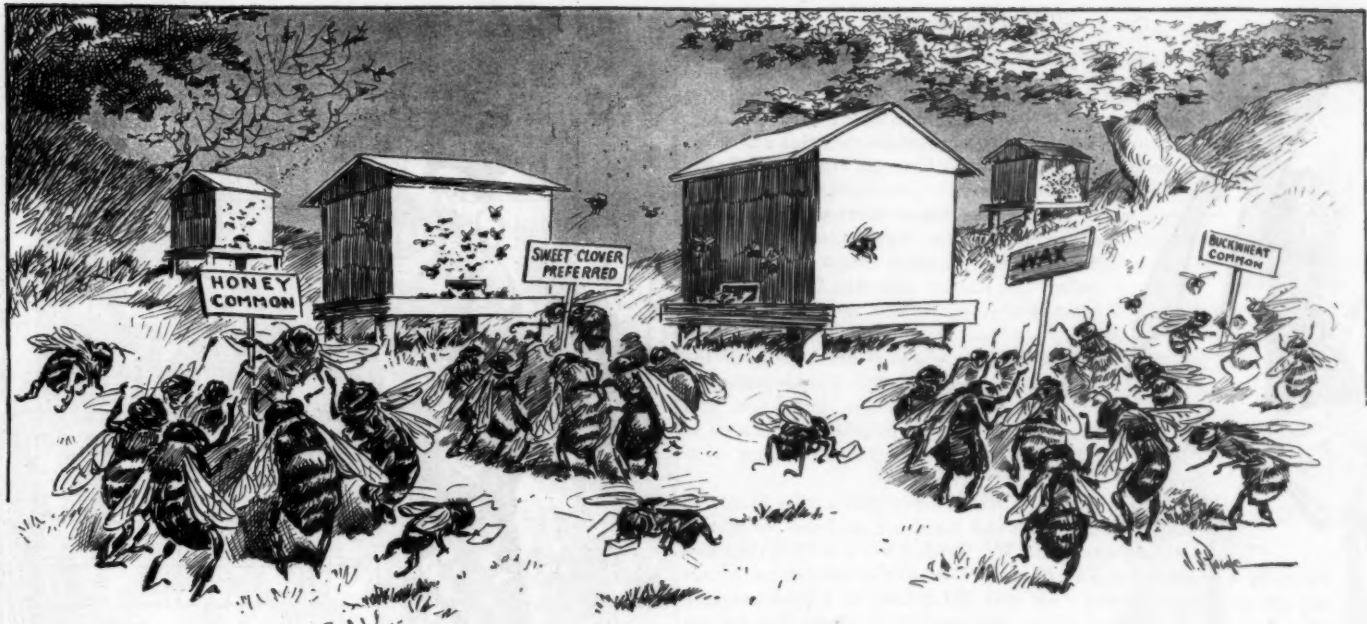
But why does not Mr. Robert Hunter know the law? Is his study confined to theories? Has an amateur Socialist no use for facts?

IT is officially announced that the great panic of 1907-'08 is ended. As soon as the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House heard the news they proposed to boost the price of seats to \$6.

ONE LEARNS from a New York newspaper that the newspapers of Persia do not print news from any distance. But in this respect they do not differ greatly from the journals of Gotham.



CONGRESS AND THE CURRENCY.
"I FEAR THE GREEKS, ESPECIALLY BEARING GIFTS."



THE HONEY EXCHANGE.

THE DRONES MAKE NO HONEY; THEY ARE BROKERS AND "DEAL" IN IT.

PAUPERS.



REFORMERS have almost entirely overlooked one of the chief objections to the ills which our political flesh is heir to. That is to say, the principal trouble with making presents of valuable franchises and other unearned increment to our rich men is that it pauperizes them.

It is not necessary to dilate upon the horrors of being pauperized. So exhaustively has the question been discussed that there is already a considerable number of our best citizens who would willingly let a hundred men go hungry rather than pauperize a single individual. The loss of self-respect and self-reliance which immediately overwhelms the one who gets something for nothing is well known even to the most unintelligent member of the ladies' aid society.

For the sake of the recipients alone, therefore—that is, in the spirit of pure altruism, we should cease our malpractice. Here is a reason which has its roots in the higher life, and has nothing in common with the mercenary reason that we can't afford to give away the best we have without adequate return—a reason which rises not one iota above the plane of gross materialism.

Ellis O. Jones.

DARK AND DANK.

"WELL, I d'know," doubtfully said Farmer Hornbeak, relative to the proposal of his nephew, a recent graduate from an agricultural college. "Mebbe dere's money in cultivatin' mushrooms, but where could we plant 'em? They require a damp, dark dank place to grow in, don't they!"

"Yes," was the reply. "And I'll tell you what, Uncle Ezra: we'll raise them in the parlor?"



ACUTE AMERICANITIS.

WIFE.—Why, George, dear, what is the trouble?

HUSBAND.—Oh, there was something I was going to worry about and for the life of me I can't think what it was.

A MIXED MOTION.

"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Blank to her husband the other evening after she had been silent for half an hour before her writing-desk, while her husband had become absorbed in his favorite magazine, "I do wish that you would help me out a little with these minutes. You see, I am secretary now of our Twentieth Century Progress Club, and I am trying to write up the minutes of to-day's meeting, and I am just dreadfully mixed up over the motions and things. Now, at the business meeting before the lecture on 'Protoplasm,' Mrs. Smythe made a motion, and then Mrs. Bright made an amendment to the motion, and then Mrs. Fyler made an amendment to the amendment, and then Mrs. Smythe didn't accept the first amendment, and made a new motion that some one said was out of order, and the Chair said she didn't feel sure whether it was

or not; and some one said to lay the whole thing on the table, and some one else said you couldn't do that because it had been seconded and had to be acted upon unless Mrs. Smythe would withdraw her motion, and while that was being discussed, some one else moved to amend the new motion, and some one else said it couldn't be done; and now I can't for the life of me think what the motion was, only that it was something about an amendment to some section of the by-laws striking out the words 'by vote of the club' and substituting something that I can't remember; and I was so confused and mixed up that I can't remember what motion or what amendment or amendment to the amendment was carried, or if any thing was carried. Men are so used to keeping minutes, and they know all about parliamentary usage, would you mind writing down for me the way I ought to record that motion in my book? That's a dear. I want it put down just right, so that no horrid person in the club can say that I don't know anything about putting down motions and things. I've told you just how it was, and will you tell me how to put it down?"

J. L. Harbour.

There are few things more exasperating than trying to quarrel with people who won't pay any attention to you.

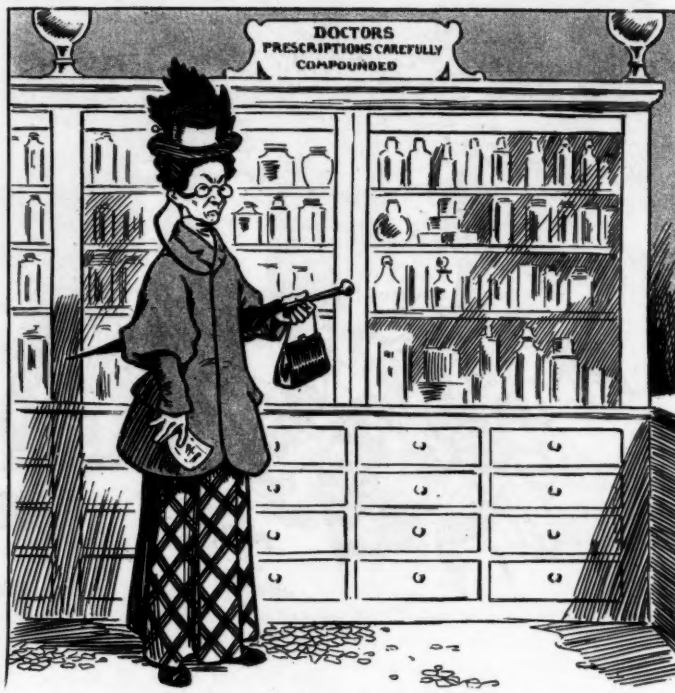
LOVE AND THE PRESS.

(Lifted bodily from the latest edition.)

VERY pretty romance, having as dramatis personae a society belle and a prominent young business man, an auto and a trolley car, culminated this afternoon in the marriage of Miss Hannah Hanly and Ralph Rankin at the Rev. Goodfellow's. It is another instance of where brave heart won fair bride, and two hearts beat happily as a result.

The love-story began almost a month ago, when Mr. Rankin and Miss Hanly formally met, and from the first moment he looked into her blue eyes he felt strangely moved. Miss Hanly was the reigning belle of the West Side, and, while Mr. Rankin has every accomplishment that wealth, education and travel can give, she seemed to take little interest in him. And had it not been for an auto, merry wedding bells would never have pealed.

A few days ago Mr. Rankin asked Miss Hanly to go riding with him in a small runabout, and she consented. "It was all this way," said Mr. Rankin, when seen at Province Place by a reporter for *The Evening Comment* as he cast an admiring eye at his petite wife; "we were out driving in a light machine one afternoon, I knowing all the time that life held nothing for me unless I had her for a life companion. How I should be able to win her I had not the slightest idea. We were gliding along Bank street at a slow gait when, all of a sudden, came a huge touring car bearing down upon us at a terrific rate. It was not more than a block away and coming on our side of the street. Ours was only a light runabout, while the other was a powerful sixty horse-power machine. I knew that a collision was certain and that it meant damage, and that my precious partner might be killed. You tell the rest," finished Mr. Rankin, frustrated, appealing to his wife.



SCENE: A DRUG STORE—
IN FRONT OF THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER.

Mrs. Rankin hesitated prettily as she folded her arms and balanced herself on her toes. "There is not much more to tell, except Ralph



HER MOTHER WAS HOUSE-CLEANING.
SO IT HAD TO HAPPEN IN THE BACK YARD. TAKE WARNING, SPRING BRIDES!

PUCK



—IN JOYLESS GEORGIA.
IN BACK OF THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER.

rose to the occasion by guiding the machine over to the other side of the street while the big car was less than a block away. His daring won me. It is just such ability to act promptly in emergencies that makes the true hero of a man. If he had not steered our rig over to the other side, the driver of the heavy machine might not have stopped, and might have run us down. I shudder to think of the result if my husband had not been a motorist of exceptional coolness and presence of mind," and a very pretty shudder ran over her body.

Mr. and Mrs. Rankin will be at home to friends at Province Place the first of next month. They have framed and hanging in their reception-room this motto: "What is a romance without an auto?"
Homer Croy.

CIVIC ADVANTAGES.

SATAN was delighted to discover what it was that so many talented men were engaged in raising. "Perhaps our town hasn't got quite so much gold pavement as some," he chuckled, "but it's got the boosters."

IMPRUDENCE.

FOND MOTHER.—To be quite frank, doctor, the poor girl has been eating her heart out—

BRUSQUE OLD PHYSICIAN.—Ha! When will young people learn to eat prudently? (He leaves four kinds of medicine.)

NOT SO BAD.

MR. SUBBS (after engaging cook).—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan,—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

MISS FLANNIGAN.—That's fine! I was afeard she might be wan iv thim chronic kickers that ar-re confined t' th' kitchen, begobs!



STAGE PRESENCE OF MIND.

THE VILLIAN (when the cartridge failed to explode).—Take that lead pill in your hear-rt, cur-rse you! By George! What a wonderful invention these new noiseless guns are!

SLAMBENGO AND BRAZENE.

"Oh, strolling in the garden
There generally can be seen
The well-known sketch and comedy team
Slambengo and Brazene!"

In all their gay apparel
We watch the artless pair
Jig on R. I. and carol
The latest shameless air.

Slambengo rough and hasty,
His face a gentle green,
Performing with that tasty
And polished gent Brazene.

How merrily they caper
Before us simple folk,
With brick and club of paper
To point their slightest joke.

We watch them at their inning
And chuckle at the pith
Of those remarks beginning
"Who's that I seen you with?"

And next in order duly,
Until the wood wings shake,
"Ye Should Hov Called on Hooley
The Night He Hod His Wake."

'Twould stump all but another
When, finishing the song,
B. says, "Why does your brother
Look at his watch so long?"

But nightly—aye and daily—
Slambengo plays the ace;
"Because," he answers gaily,
"A woman's in the case."



Crack! Crack! the slapstick clatters!
Kerflop! Slambengo falls,
And then the seltzer spatters
Upon the canvas walls.

What peasant prince or chappy,
What man of toil or ease
Could be aught else but happy
With comrades such as these!—

Who help our bad digestions
With japes of age and size
And point each others questions
With thumps upon the thighs?

So, though the purse be meagre
Yet let us pay our way
And listen tense and eager
While they to them do say:

"Oh, strolling in the garden
There generally can be seen
The well-known sketch and comedy team
Slambengo and Brazene!"

Horatio Winslow.

Unfortunately, the less patience a man has the more easily he loses it.

WHEN CLARENCE TOOK A BOX.



AS CLARENCE THOUGHT THEY LOOKED.



AS THEY REALLY LOOKED.

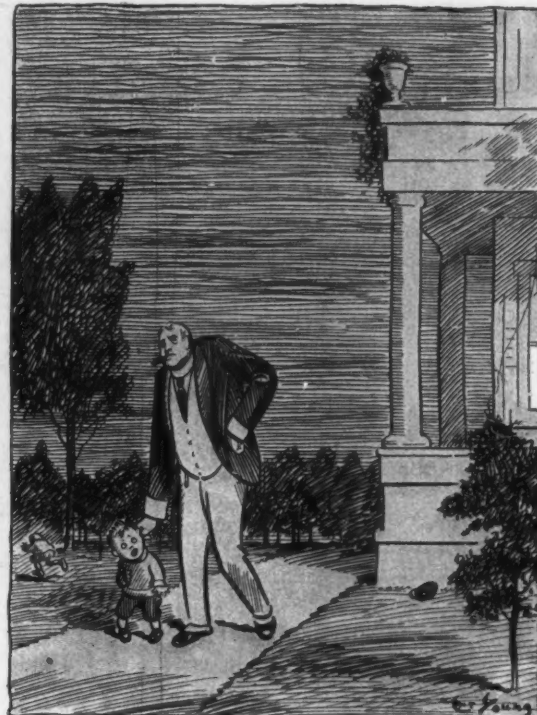
MAKING A "GOOD STORY" OF IT.

WHAT A LITTLE FACT AND GREAT DEAL OF YELLOWJOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE WILL ACCOMPLISH.



THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.

"Late last night, just as he was about to retire, Mr. Smythe heard suspicious sounds on the front porch. Arming himself with a revolver and stealthily opening the door, he surprised three burly masked burglars at their task of cutting out a window pane. Clad only in his pajamas, he escorted them to the gate at the point of his pistol, etc., etc."



THE FACTS.

At supper time last night, Mr. Smythe surprised two small boys who were rigging a tick-tack on his parlor window. He led the smallest one by the ear to the front gate.

HIS CHOICE.

HE read the Bible. He preferred
Its tales to any other word.

Being a married man, he chose
To read of other mortals' woes.

He read the story, and believed,
How Father Adam was deceived.

He read of Abraham and Sairy —
A tale the most extraordinary.

He read of Jacob — how for years
He labored for those lovely dears.

He read of Lot — his wife a wreck —
The true original rubberneck.

He read of Samson — how love ruled him,
And how the base Delilah fooled him.

He learned of David and the strife
Kicked up about Uriah's wife.

He learned of Job, that sorry wight,
Whose sad experience was a fright.

He learned of Solomon, who had
A thousand wives. (They drove him mad.)

He learned of Ananias, who
Was stricken dead. (His wife was, too.)

Being a married man, he rose
Refreshed from other people's woes.

Willis Leonard Clanahan.



A CULT is after the fool-friends have succeeded in outnumbering the other friends.



UNALTERABLE.

MY wife's word is law," said skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck, speaking in confidence to the friend of his boyhood, "and, unlike many of the enactments of our tyrannical, but extremely fallible, legislative bodies, there are no 'jokers' concealed anywhere in it."

ACCOMPLISHED.

MRS. O'TOOLE. — Phwat the devil do yez call thot?

MRS. FLANNAGAN. — Oh, 'tis Biddy Murphy, her that used t' be the toight rope walker. Whin her pulley goes wrong an' won't worruk, she strolls out an' fixes it.

Hard lines may not be easy to read between, but whatever is found there is learned by heart.



THE PUCK PRESS



HARD TIMES.
THE PIE LINE.

THE HEARTLESS AUDIENCE.

SHE'S buxom, she's bouncing, she's smiling; she trips upon the stage at the theater in an airy, fairy way that is designed to be absolutely irresistible.

The audience perks right up. The lady appears to be, say, thirty-one, to put it mildly.

The audience has no premonition whatever that the lady is cast for a Juvenile part, until she has ceased to trip, and the Villain malignly inquires:

"And how old are you, Little One?"

Bestowing the appellation of Little One thus carelessly inclines the audience to hysterics immediately. When the Little One answers, in a childish lisp, "Leven years old to-day!" some ill-mannered person in the gallery horribly groans; this is a critical moment. If the Little One's age is supposed to be an important part of the drama, and if the drama depends largely upon the tenderness of her years for its wet-eyed pathos, the chances are that Little One will get nervous at the whole-souled laughter that follows the awful groan from the gallery.

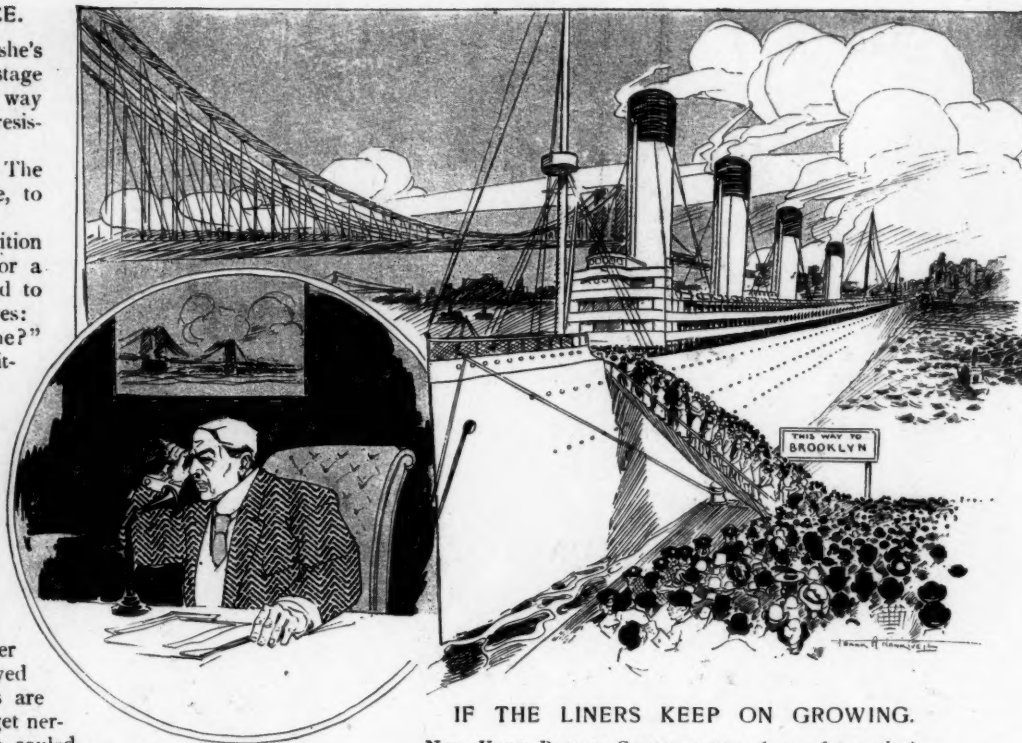
Being nervous, Little One backs into a center-table, falls over a rug, tumbles into a pedestal, uppercuts the piano, and makes the entire stage setting look rough house. Right here the audience begins to have the time of its life.

When there is a lull in the uproar, the Villain goes on with the next deadly line, "And do you still play with your Dollies, Dear?"

The Villain, being a good deal of a devil, has asked this question in a particularly insinuating way, which causes the audience to regard him as a comedian.

The audience titters hysterically.

"Tis thirty-seven long years since the last of my children left



IF THE LINERS KEEP ON GROWING.

NEW YORK BRIDGE COMMISSIONER (*some future day*).—

Hello! Is this the Bright Star Line? This is the Department of Bridges. Send around one of your longest boats this evening, will you, and help us relieve the Bridge Crush.

the old home," babbles the actress, tottering toward the wing.

Reason had fled; the strain was too great. She thought she was doing a last season's Grandma part.

Fred Ladd.

THREE IS A CROWD.

"SURELY Doolittle doesn't need two stenographers in his business. Why does he have them?"

"His wife insists on it, I believe. Just a little precaution."

"IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE AT OLD—TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY."



I.

MAGISTRATE.—You are guilty of malicious mischief and wilful destruction of property. I fine you—



II.

THE PRISONER (*suddenly*)—Rah, rah, rah! rah, rah, rah! Zip! Hooraw! Tiger! Boom, Siss, Boobah, Boom—qom—oom! Flippity Flap, Kerflummix, wow, Harnell!!



III.

MAGISTRATE.—Ah, I see. Merely some boyish prank, an excess of animal spirits. Discharged.

PUCK



SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

SYMPATHETIC LADY.—It is awfully trying to bring up children.
MRS. CLANCY (*flaring up*).—Sour grapes, begorry!

SPRUNG IN SPRING.



IS SPRING! and woe inhabits all
My crowded, tenemental soul.
Not that I mind it when I sprawl
In budding mud on sidewalks shoal;
I do not scorn the merry tread
Of "glad new life" o'er "wood and lea;"
I sorrow for the old and dead—
The jokes about Spring poetry.

I have no grouch on Easter hats;
Housecleaning sounds no jarring note;
I bravely face the hunt for flats;
Not even gripe can get my goat;
I can avoid the magazines
When "auto numbers" stare at me;
But who can duck those ever-greens:—
The jokes about Spring poetry?

No new shirt signs mine eye shall snare,
Nor tailors' circulars enmesh;
I'd not curse with skeptic stare
The urban egg, new-labelled "fresh."
I can e'en smile when girls begin
Their summer's soda-water spree,
But, by the gods! I will *not* grin
At jokes about Spring poetry.

Chester Firkins.

CIVIC SOLICITUDE.

BUT just as the citizen was about to have the man who had sandbagged him arrested, he was opportunely waited on by a committee of the Commercial Club.

"We have the welfare of our beautiful city much at heart," they observed.

"I'm glad to hear that!" replied the citizen, cordially. "So have I."

The committee cleared their throats.

"Of course the price of real estate is about the main element in the welfare of a city," they went on.

"Of course," the citizen assented, being something of a booster himself.

Here the committee, looking at him very hard, came to the point.

"We have the honor to inform you," quoth they, "that real estate made up into sandbags yields more profit and by that commands a higher price, than real estate in any other form."

• This naturally ended the matter. The citizen saw the point at once and was profuse in his thanks at being set right, while the committee went on their way rejoicing in the consciousness of a good thing done.

Ramsey Benson.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

IF you would make your money last,
In strict economy be versed;
And even then you stand aghast
To think you've got to make it first!

SALVAGE.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—I hear the customs authorities seized all the finery you brought over from Paris. Will it be a total loss?

MRS. PARK.—Why, no, dear; I got my name in the papers.

UNCERTAIN.

SMITH.—Statistics show that in France the deaths exceed the births in number.

MULDOON.—A risky place, thot, to live.

SMITH.—Why so?

MULDOON.—Why, as I look at it ivery mon there stood a domned poor chance of bein' born.



SPRING MILLINERY.

When politics make strange bedfellows they never leave their valuables lying on the dresser overnight.

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

THE AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR
OF REFINED TASTE

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

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the production of printed
matter in modern style at
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Art and Commercial Work, Illustrated
Books and Pamphlets, Souvenirs and
Menu Cards, Designed, Illustrated and
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White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Funniest Book of the Year, "Richard's Poor Almanack," bound
and illustrated, sent for 10c. Address WHITE ROCK, Flatiron Building, N. Y.

HOW VERY "RADICAL."

They order some things with a sterner sense of justice in France. In Paris a Professor having been run over and killed by a taxicab, the chauffeur was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and damages of \$10,000 were awarded to the victim's widow, together with \$5,000 to an unmarried daughter. Four other children received \$1,400 each. The total cost of the accident to the company was \$25,000.—*N. Y. World.*



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you.
It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you
ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it
stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.
A tobacco that your women folks will
like to have you smoke at home—you may
never have known the luxury of a pipe
smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will
send a sample.
THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York



ITS IDENTITY.

"Great Scottovich!" surprisedly
ejaculated a guardian of the Russian
peace, making use of the picturesque
phraseology of the Slav. "What was
that loud bangski?"

"Oh, don't be frightenedskoff!" replied
a compatriot, with the indifference born of
long familiarity with the Anarchistic ways of the masses. "That was merely a
shakeupski at Policeovitch Headquarters."

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of
sweetened water after meals is a great aid to diges-
tion.

THE HARBINGER.

"Ees com' da spreeng!" da peopla say,
An' weenter-time ees gon' away.
I hope ees true, baycause, you know,
I am so seek weeth ice an' snow;
I am so seek eeside my soul
For gotta buy so moocha coal,
An' overcoat, an' warma clo'es,
An' hankacheef for blow my nose.

"Ees com' da spreeng!" da peopla say
Dat passa by an' hear me play
"Lucia" on my street-pian.
"O! see da Dago music-man!"
Dey say; "dat's mean da weenter's past
An' spreeng ees gattin' here at last."
I nevva hear sooch funny theeng:
Dey taka me for sign of spreeng!

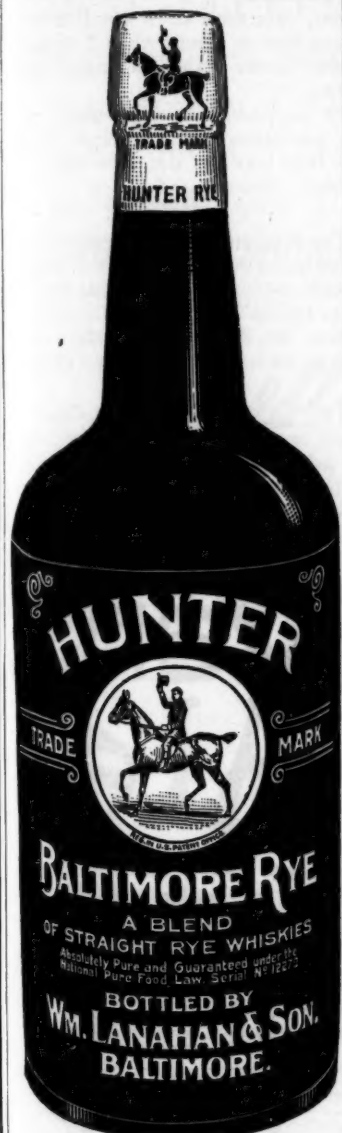
Catholic Standard and Times.

REACTIONARY VAUDEVILLE.

The Busse administration in Chicago seems really to
be making great strides in the direction of establishing a
police censorship. Not satisfied with police invasions of
private houses without warrant, police seizures of libraries
suspected to contain "incendiary" literature, police super-
vision of public meetings lest some sentiment on the
Busse *index expurgatorius* be uttered, this administration
has undertaken *con amore* to protect J. Pierpont Morgan,
John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie from ridicule
on the vaudeville stage. The vaudeville managers are
reported to be submissive. They have a lively apprecia-
tion, no doubt, of the dangers of offending the powers
that control the execution of city ordinances intended
for the public safety in connection with theatres.—*The Public.*

GOING TO NEW YORK?

Enroute you see the Great Lakes or Niagara Falls, Mohawk Valley, Hudson River,
Catskill Mountains, West Point, the Palisades, and you land on Manhattan Island
in the centre of the city if you go via the NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Now THAT the season for hiring seaside cottages is almost here, it is well to remind intending tenants that it is advisable always for them to make their inspections at low tide. — *Somerville Journal*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

EVERY now and then some novelist declares that newspapers do not print good English. The newspapers have no time to dwell on the fact the average novelist does not print good stories. — *Washington Star*.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

NEW YORKERS say their population has grown too dense. It must be dense, indeed, not to see through some of the financial and political tricks played on it. — *Washington Star*.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish.

Par Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals and while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

CORRECTING AN OLD MISTAKE.

Admiral Evans' chief of staff says: "The battleship can go to any part of the world if coal is provided."

This does away with the old supposition that water was also necessary. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE WAY OF IT.

"I understand the new magazine has a high standard."

"Indeed it has. It went up yesterday." — *Atlanta Constitution*.

GRAFTING has been resumed in San Francisco. There was a gap of a few months, anyhow. — *Phila. Ledger*.



AUTOMOBILISTS and men in all walks of life should know the merits of LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

No matter how soiled, they are cleaned instantly with a damp cloth, and made white as new. Absolutely waterproof, they hold their shape under all conditions. Being linen they look it. Not celluloid. Wear indefinitely, and don't wilt, fray or crack. Every fashionable style in all sizes.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

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SCIENTIFIC.

"Do you really think there are people on Mars?"

"Well, to be candid," replied the professor, "I find that articles making such claim are more popular with the magazines." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

IN THOSE we like, the blush is a sign of innocence; in those we dislike, it is a sign of guilt. — *Atchison Globe*.

ANYBODY can launch a national party, but to keep it afloat requires finesse. — *Phila. Ledger*.

THERE is a constantly growing demand that other people be good. — *Atchison Globe*.



IN THE WAITING ROOM.

HAMMISH PERSON.—A flagon of Java, sirrah, an' right speedily else I slit thee into slivers with me trusty rapier—er—er—pardon me, Sport, but it's a habit. Gimme a cupper coffee.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

THE OBLIGING EXPERT.

Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton has written an article attributing by inference to President Roosevelt a certain form of paranoia, something like what the French call folie des grandeurs, and the Germans, Gottmanie. This Allen McLane Hamilton is a well-known insanity expert. Well enough. The expert upon insanity will prove anyone insane or not insane upon a hypothetical question framed by himself to a preconceived answer and the answer preconceived in accord with the needs of the side that pays the expert's fee. We have more respect for the expert safe-blower than we have for the insanity expert. The safe-blower doesn't offer his soul and conscience for sale in the market-place. He may be a crook, but he is not a prostitute of the intellect. — *St. Louis Mirror*.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Have you ever almost run into some one on the street and then dodged from side to side for half a minute, vainly endeavoring to pass, while the other person by some strange fatality blocked your every move by trying to pass you in the same way?

Such was the recent experience of a young man in Portland, Maine. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-à-vis staggered him by saying:

"Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a waltz or a two-step?" — *Woman's Home Companion*.

It is terrible thing to suspect, but there may have been as much graft in some of those magnificent old Roman buildings as there was in the Harrisburg statehouse. — *Washington Star*.

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If a man quits smoking for a month and then begins again, does it prove that he could quit, or that he couldn't? — *Atchison Globe*.

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THE LISTENER'S POINT OF VIEW.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man, but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THIS is the year when June brides will have to divide honors with June Presidential candidates.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Club Cocktails



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THERE is always something lacking in the flavor of a made-by-guesswork cocktail. CLUB COCKTAILS are the only perfect cocktails. A mixed-to-measure blend of rare old liquors aged in wood—always uniform in flavor, fragrant, delicious, appetizing. A CLUB COCKTAIL is a vastly better drink than any chance-mixed cocktail possibly could be.

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HUMOR ON ITS TRAVELS.

Mr. Jones's costume at a masquerade ball was that of a Roman warrior, with metal helmet, breastplate, greaves, etc., which, as the evening wore on, occasioned great discomfort. When the time came for unmasking Jones raised his visor, and a friend inquired whom he was supposed to represent.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" asked he.

"No," replied Jones, wiping his streaming brow; "I'm un'appy as the devil!"—*Lippincott's.*

Lippincott's, we presume, paid real money for the above, but when it appeared originally in an English publication the conversation was between two supers in a pageant, "Mr. Jones" and his "friend" being recent arrivals. "Mr. Jones" was undoubtedly aware that *Lippincott's* would not stand for such a word as hell; otherwise he would not have weakened his remark by saying "un'appy as the devil."

NO RELIEF IN IT.

"De rich will have a hard time gettin' into heaven."

"Yes," replied Brother Williams, "an' dat's a comfortin' thought, but it don't help de po' man w'en rent's due!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SHE KNEW.

"Miss Sharpe—er—Vera," he stammered, "you must know why I've been calling here so much; while I sit here in the parlor with you night after night—"

"I suppose, Mr. Kloseman," the girl interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than take me out anywhere."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

The Washington bank president convicted under the pure-food law of selling a headache cure containing dangerous drugs blames the President for his conviction. Mr. Roosevelt's friends sincerely hope he is guilty.—*Chicago Post.*

Two pugilists have been killed in recent boxing matches, both succumbing to knockout blows. There seems to be something wrong about these harmless exhibitions of manly skill and dexterity.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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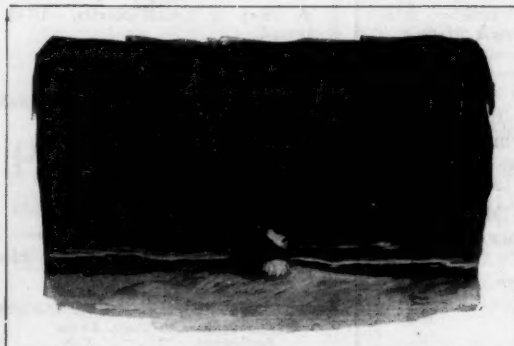


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BUT IT WOULD "HURT BUSINESS."

The great rise in the price of meats is now attributed to the scarcity of cattle. When such a condition confronts the people of other countries, they are permitted to draw their supplies from abroad. Reduce or abolish the tariff duties on imported meats and meat products, and it would be promptly proved that cattle are still plentiful here.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

PROFIT AT BOTH ENDS.

"I accept all first contributions," declared the editor. "It's a paying scheme."

"Why so?"

"The author buys many copies of the magazine and nearly always frames the check we send." — *Kansas City Journal*.

NEW YORK now has "pay-as-you-enter" cars. The idea will no doubt be adopted by some of the political band-wagons. — *Washington Star*.



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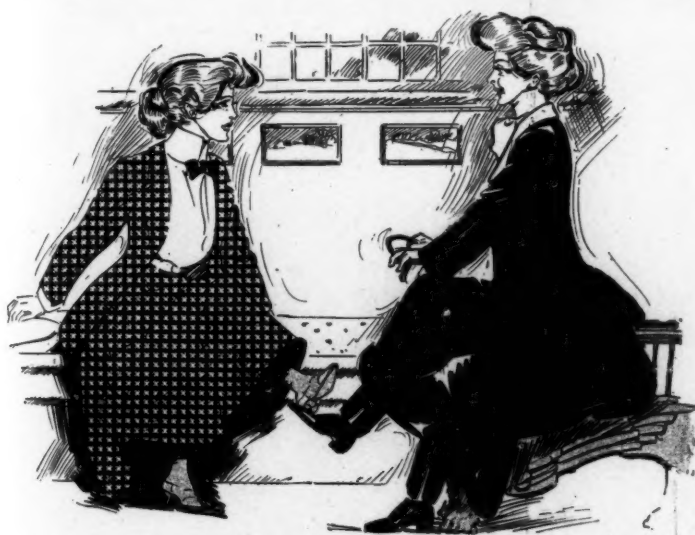
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THE ILL-JUDGED PANIC.

The collapse of the inflated stock and bond securities, so inopportune at a time when the party which professes to have prosperity in its keeping is in power, is proving a deluge and not a passing shower. Had it waited until the opposition party had again triumphed, nothing would have been more natural and expected than the financial break-up. This untimely happening has led to a break-up in the protection ranks as well as in Wall Street. Hard words are passing between Republican magnates. The Home Market Club is belaboring the revisionists and by proxy (Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black) has also arraigned the President in good set terms. Free traders enjoy the diversion as the projectiles create havoc only in the protection camp. — *Free Trade Broadside*.

THEY fined a man the other day for snoring in a Missouri church. They want it understood that church is no place for a man who can't sleep without disturbing the slumbers of others. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



BY ORDER OF THE COURT,

"What! Divorced already! Why, I thought they'd be linked for life."

"No; Jack got time off for bad behavior."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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HOW THE TARIFF WORKS.

Observe: Thousands of workmen are idle in the great iron and steel and allied industries. The business of the railways has fallen off one-third. All constructive undertakings dependent upon iron and steel supply are in a state of either embarrassed and sickly operation or of complete suspension.

In the face of this disastrous situation the giant monopolies that have control of our ore beds and of iron and steel production grimly reduce output, discharge workmen, and keep prices at the top notch. They are as ready (with tariff aid) to skin the consumer in the time of his adversity as in seasons of prosperity. They might revive business by reducing prices. They might relieve distress. They might set idle hands at work. But a policy of stand-still pays better. — *Philadelphia Record*.

THIS disposition to treat George Washington as an ordinary human being makes it terrible to think of what would be said if he were in a position to interfere with anybody's present political prospects. — *Wash. Star*.

A Burlesque Historical Novel

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—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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